NEW X-MEN®

MARVEL®
PG 138

MORRISON
QUITELY
AVALON

RIOT AT XAVIER'S
CONCLUSION

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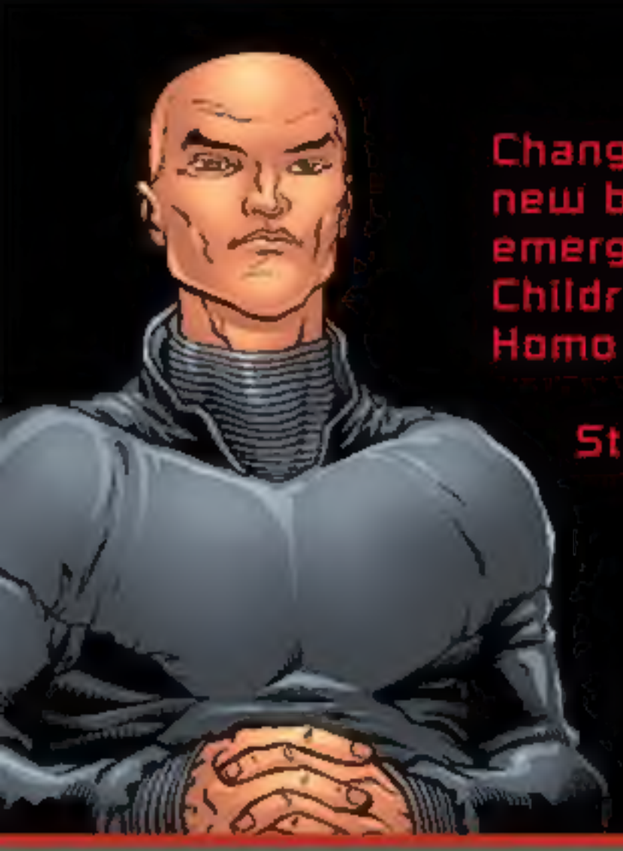


Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

NEW X-MEN®

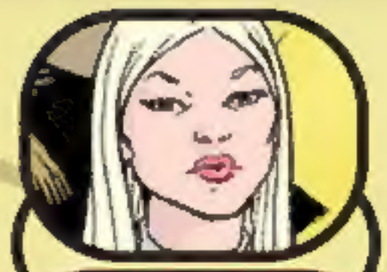
THE X-MEN

WOLVERINE
Logan
Healing, Adamantium Claws

PROFESSOR X
Charles Xavier
Telepath

XORN
Healer

BEAST
Dr. Henry McCoy
Super Strength/ Agility



EMMA FROST
Telepath, Diamond Skin

CYCLOPS
Scott Summers
Optic Blasts

PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the frontline of the genetic battlefield of the 21st Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. But at the XAVIER INSTITUTE — X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly — a new threat has surfaced from within.

QUENTIN QUIRE — a top-level Omega telepath and Professor Xavier's prize student — has renounced Professor X's teachings as old-fashioned and recruits a gang of followers — the OMEGA GANG. Comprised of students GLOB HERMAN, RADIAN, REDNECK, TATTOO and, of course, QUENTIN himself, the Omega Gang have all become addicted to the power-enhancing drug, KICK. Angry and high on the addictive drug, the Omega Gang have incited a riot at the school. On OPEN DAY — the first day the Xavier Institute opened its doors to both humans and mutants alike — Quentin Quire and the rest of the Omega Gang kidnapped Professor Xavier and launched an all-out attack on the school.

Now, in the aftermath of the riot, school property is destroyed, humans are scared away, and one student is dead... Sophie, one of the Stepford Cuckoos, the girl Quentin loved...

THE OMEGA GANG

KID OMEGA
Quentin Quire
Omega-Level Telepath

GLOB HERMAN
Jelly Grip

RADIAN
Light Blasts

REDNECK
Radiant Hands

TATTOO
Chameleon Skin, Ghost Form

KICK
The Dangerous Power-Enhancing Drug

THE SPECIAL CLASS

ANGEL
Wings, Flight

BASILISK
Strobe Pulse

BEAK
Wings, Flight

ERNST
Super Strength

MARTHA JOHANSSON
Mutant Brain

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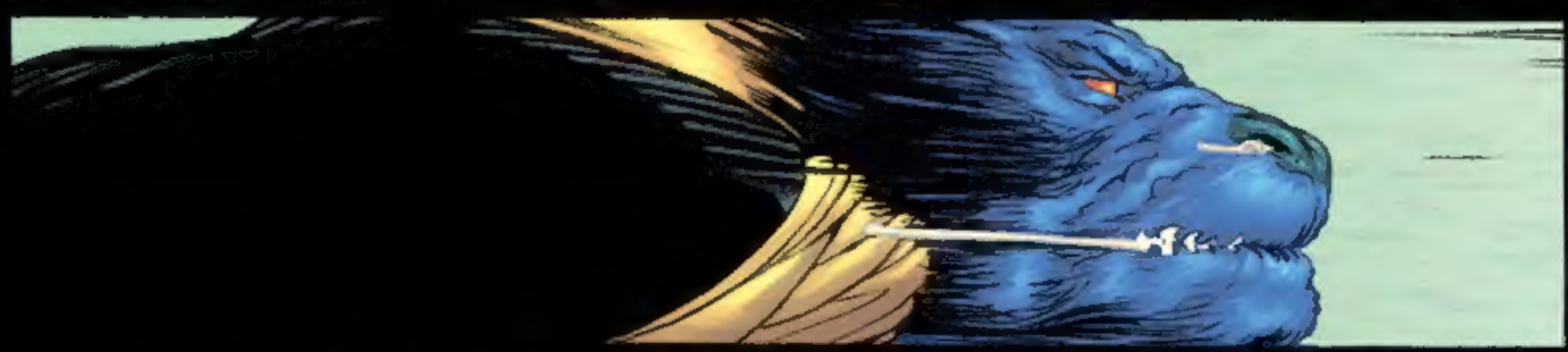
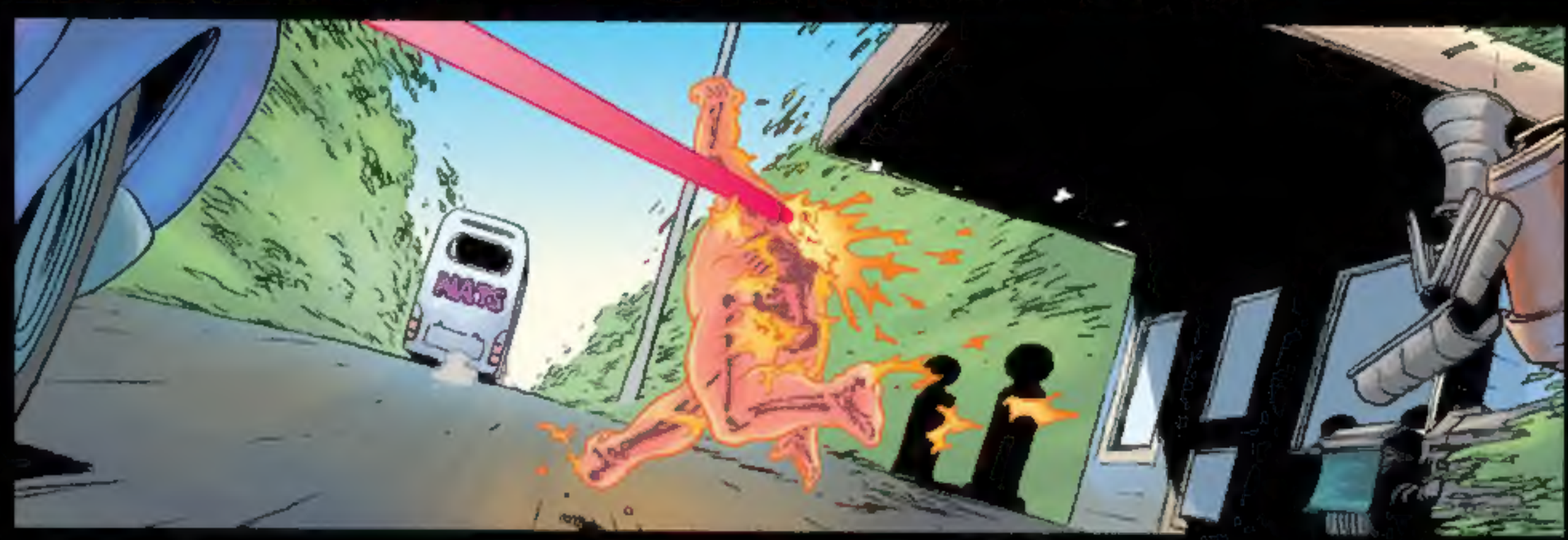
The Prime of Miss Emma Frost



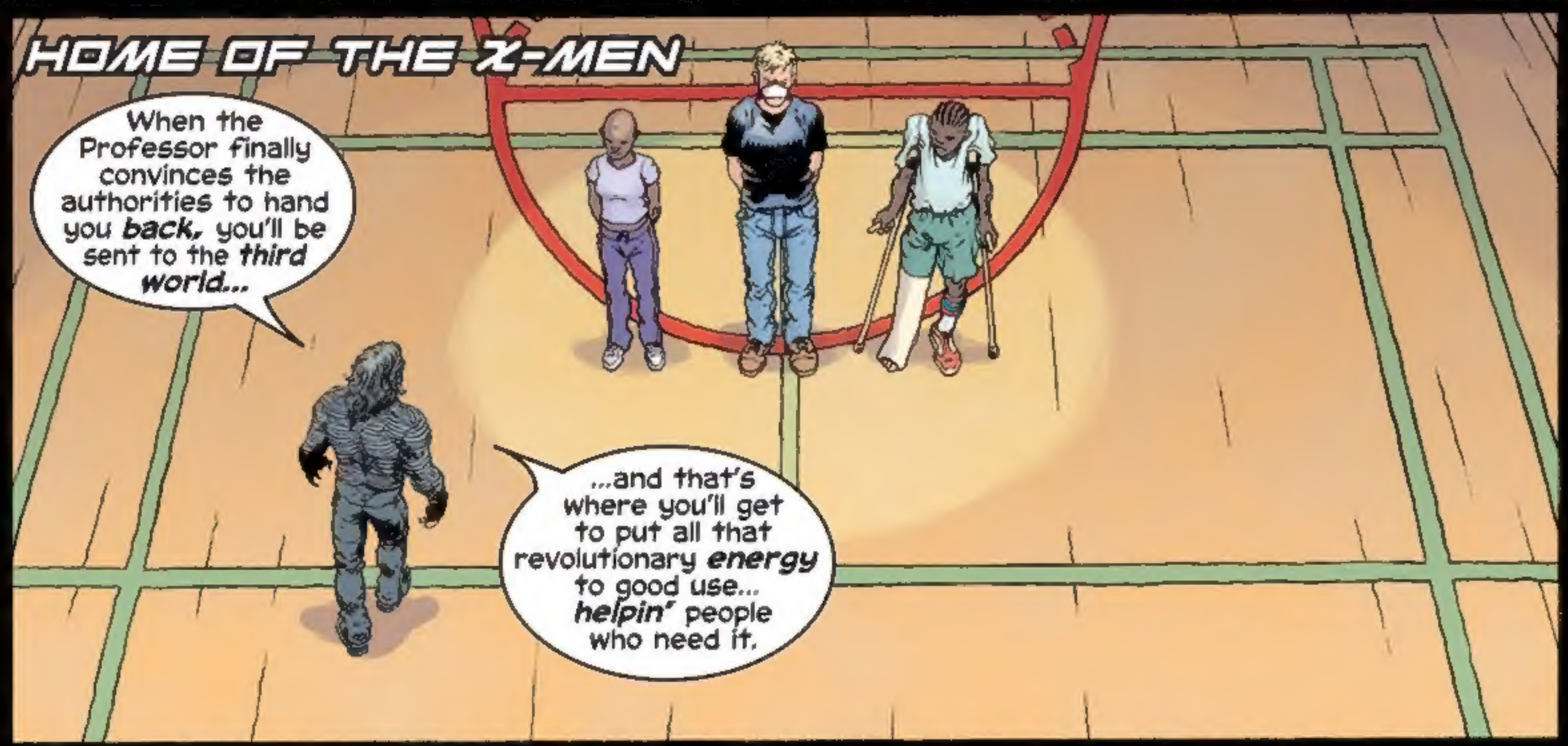
NATS


NATS

BBbbaaauuuIIII!

Spare us the histrionics, Herman. You'll live.
Trust me, I'm a *doctor.*

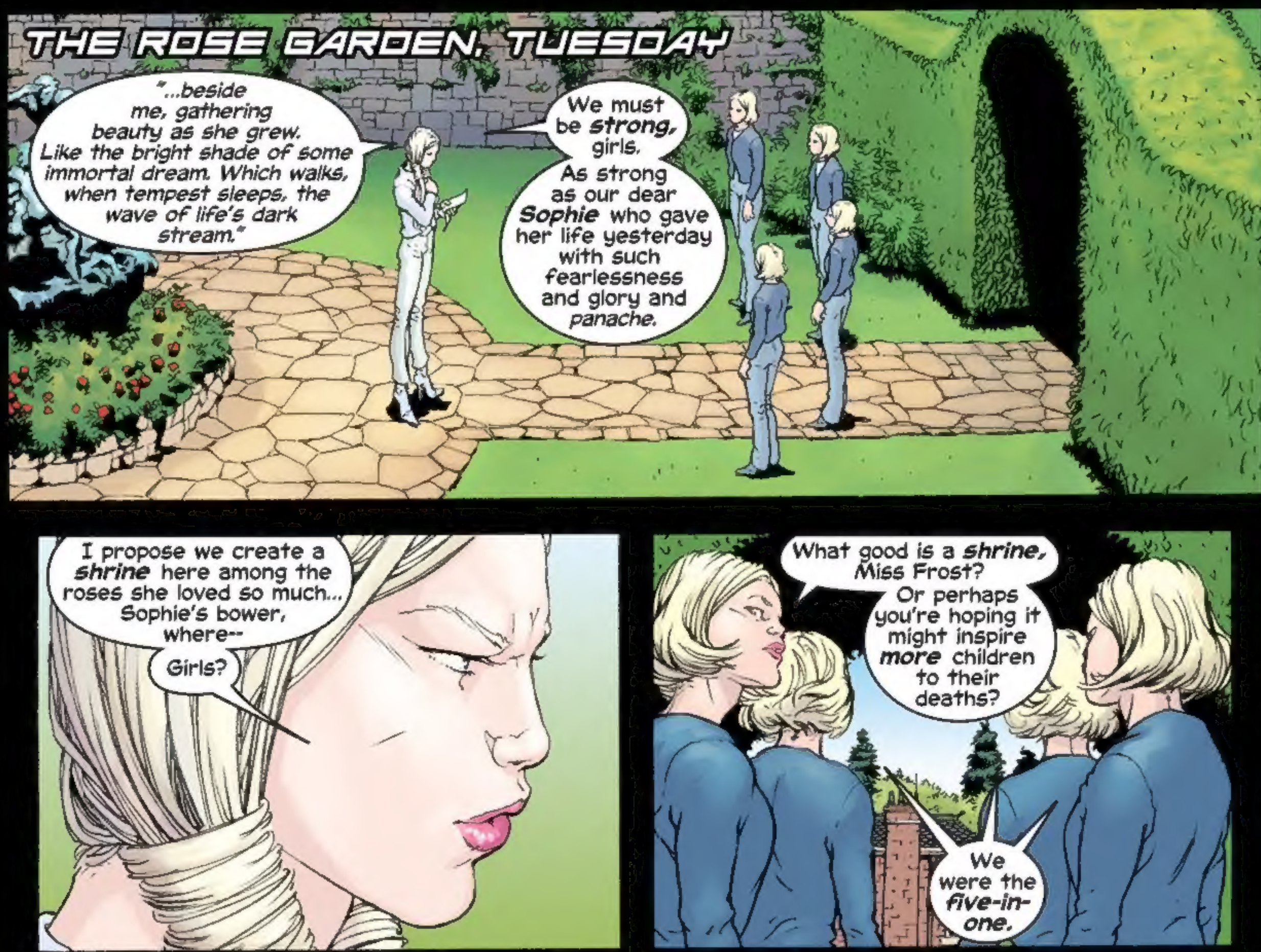
THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING
All you Omegas are gonna do time in a *human jail.*


HOME OF THE X-MEN
When the Professor finally convinces the authorities to hand you *back,* you'll be sent to the *third world...*
...and that's where you'll get to put all that revolutionary *energy* to good use... *helpin'* people who need it.

You're gonna *help* people until you *bleed* and you *sob.*
And then you're gonna help some *more.*
A bright kid with her whole life ahead of her is *dead* because of you people. Another is missing, presumed *evaporated!*

You *can't* put us in a human jail, Wolverine...we were totally under the influence of a *superior mind...*
...it was *Quentin Quire!* He *made* us do it!

Yeah, and I'm makin' you do THIS!
Clear?


THE ROSE GARDEN, TUESDAY
"...beside me, gathering beauty as she grew. Like the bright shade of some immortal dream. Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream."
We must be strong, girls. As strong as our dear Sophie who gave her life yesterday with such fearlessness and glory and panache.
I propose we create a shrine here among the roses she loved so much... Sophie's bower, where--
Girls?
What good is a shrine, Miss Frost? Or perhaps you're hoping it might inspire more children to their deaths?
We were the five-in-one.
What are we now?
Oh, and we shan't be coming back here after the prizegiving, Miss Frost.
We'll be working to restore our telepathic talents in Switzerland with Madame LaFarge.
LaFarge?
But LaFarge has hair on the back of her hands.

Girls... what are you *saying?*

We're saying Sophie's *dead* because she believed all the *rubbish* you talk about being *superior.*

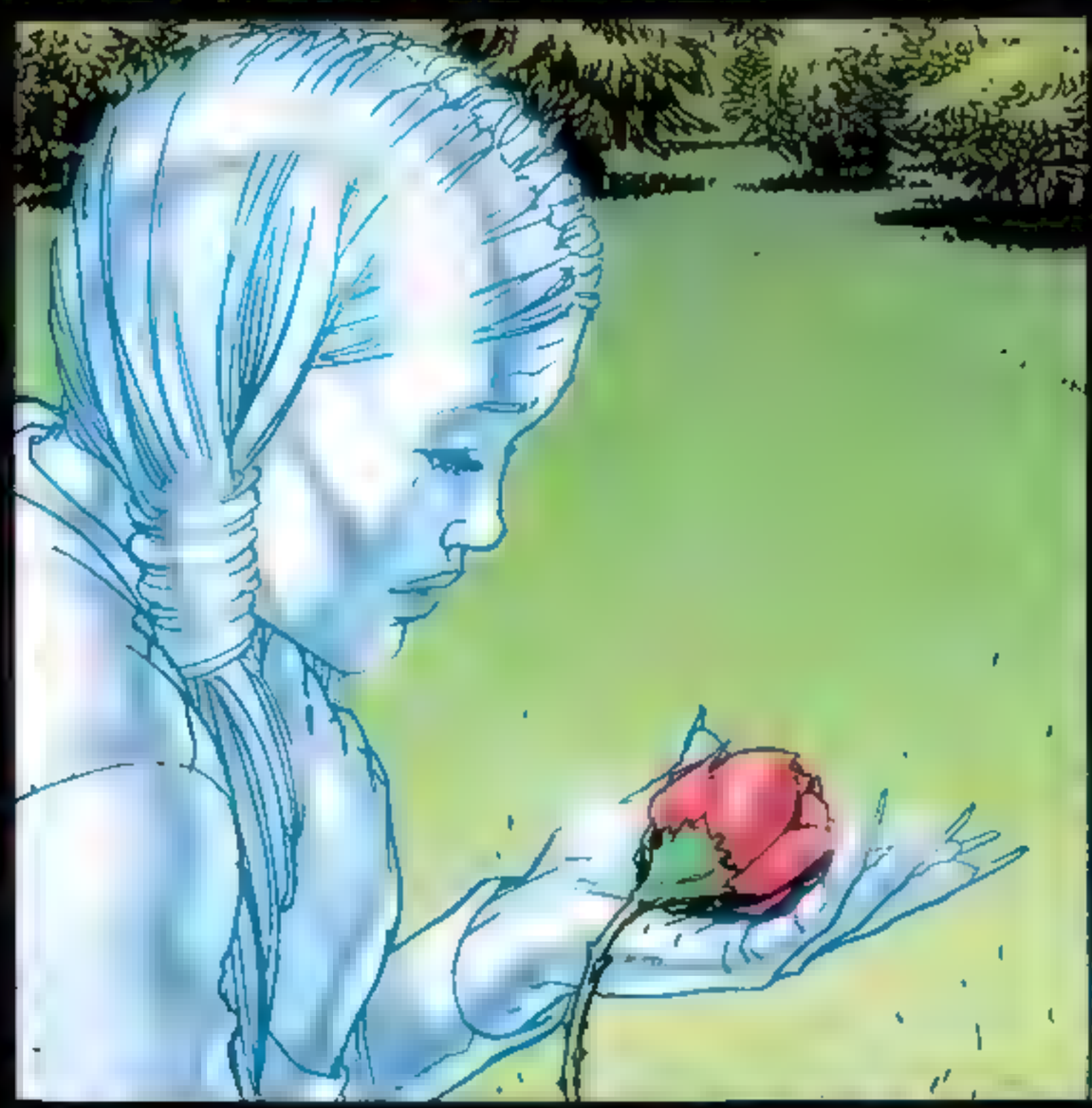
You're all shiny surface with *nothing* underneath. You have no feeling and no *heart.*
Just nasty jokes and cleverness.
People like you are a *danger* to impressionable children, Miss Frost.

Goodbye.
No, that's not true...

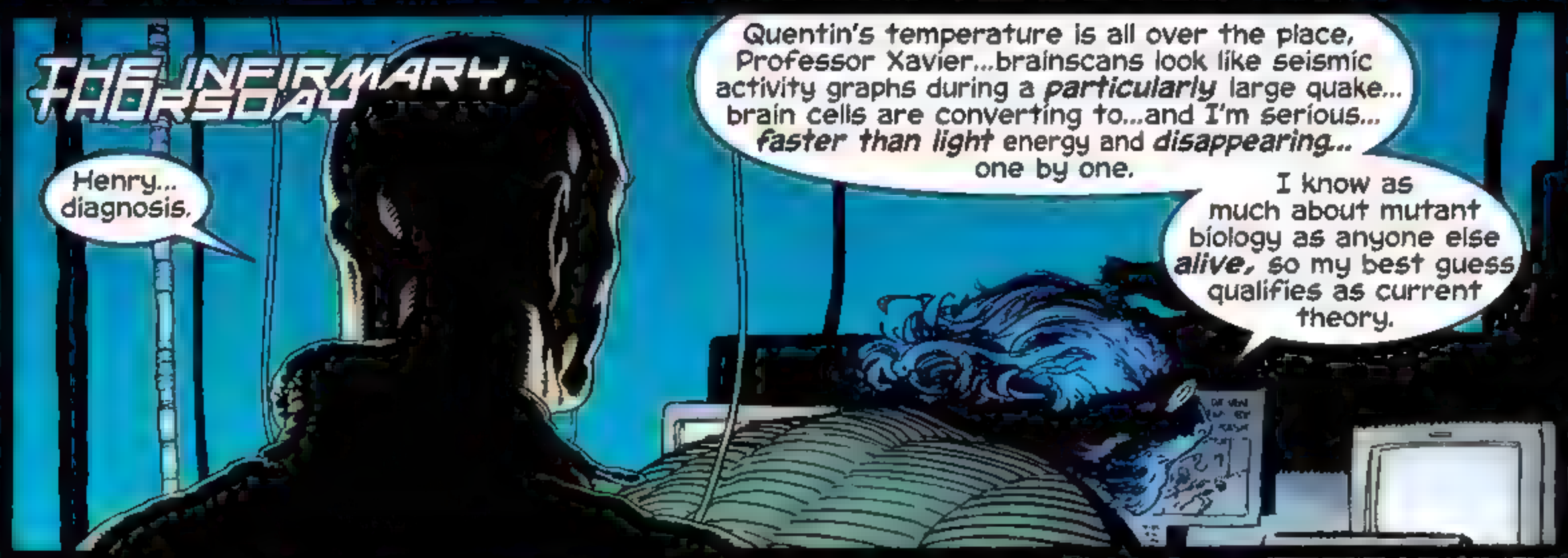
...I *love* children... teaching is my *life!*

If you love them so much, then why do you let them *die* all the time, you silly old woman?

Old?

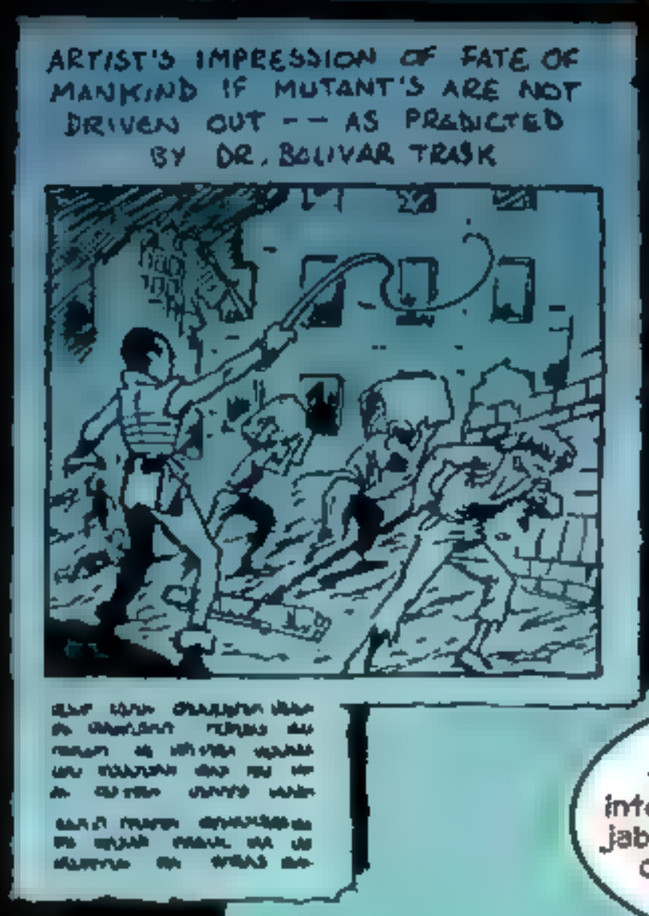


I'm only twenty-seven, you ungrateful wretches!


THE INFIRMARY, THURSDAY
Henry... diagnosis.
Quentin's temperature is all over the place, Professor Xavier...brainscans look like seismic activity graphs during a *particularly* large quake... brain cells are converting to...and I'm serious... *faster than light* energy and *disappearing...* one by one.
I know as much about mutant biology as anyone else *alive,* so my best guess qualifies as current theory.

What?
What's *happening* to me? What are they all saying about me?
Professor?

I think some kind of unforeseen *secondary mutation* is beginning to occur, triggered by Quentin's abuse of Hypercortisone-D – *Kick.*
I'm *here,* Quentin. But I can't see into your mind.
I hear thoughts in Chinese... and French...and Arabic... but...it's everyone thinking the same stupid thought...



Just one thought divided into ignorant boxes... jabbering so hard it can't hear itself thinking...

I've heard it too, Quentin.

...everyone scared of their *replacements*...scared of their children... scared of themselves...

Like a hand scared of its fingers. The loneliness and loss felt in a world without telepathy.

I know.

...I'm streaming... going away...into the bigger rooms...outside rooms bigger than the whole world, Professor... I understand things. .

...I don't know who my parents are...because. . because I haven't been born yet...I'll be born soon and meet them there in these rooms..

=Hhrraauuli=

Henry! Fetch *Xorn!*

His healing gifts might be our last chance...

Professor, it's the future already... I thought I was going to miss it...
...look at the curve of time... Manhattan is gone...the school is gigantic!

Uuinn
So I'm thinking... I'm thinking "what if you're wrong, Professor X"... I couldn't help thinking that thought and letting it loose...
...not trying to be rude but... uhhmm...what if you'd really... rreally...

...missed... the point?
nuuhhhlll
That's a question we all must ask ourselves every day, Quentin.
I've done many good things and...and I've made many terrible mistakes...

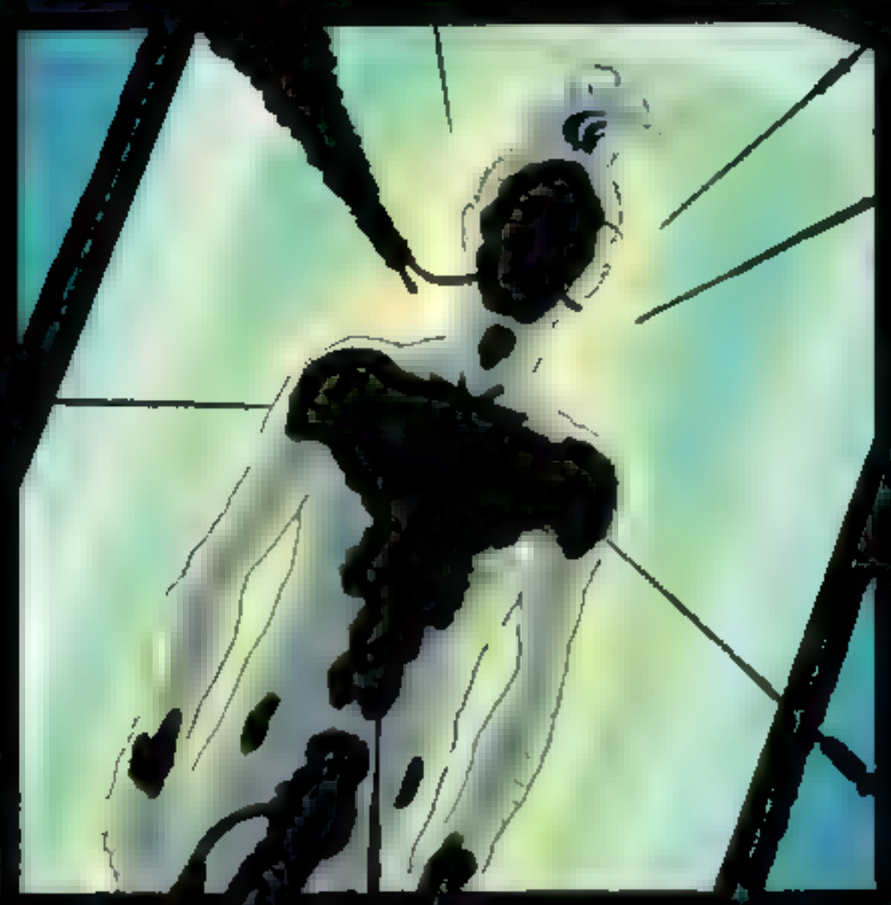
Xorn!
Quickly! The boy is dying!

No, he is only changing, Professor Xavier...I feel we would be wrong to interfere.
Quentin? I am Xorn... do not be afraid.
What if we were both wrong, Professor X...and it wasn't humans to blame at all?

When I was a *boy,* not much younger than you are, Quentin, a little *star* opened like a flower inside my head.
What if the real enemy... was inside... all along?

A flower made of lights is opening in *you.* I can help you to let go of your last, painful attachments to this flesh where you were grown.
There is something in *you* that is like me.

Do you see?
hhhaaahhhaaahhhhaiii



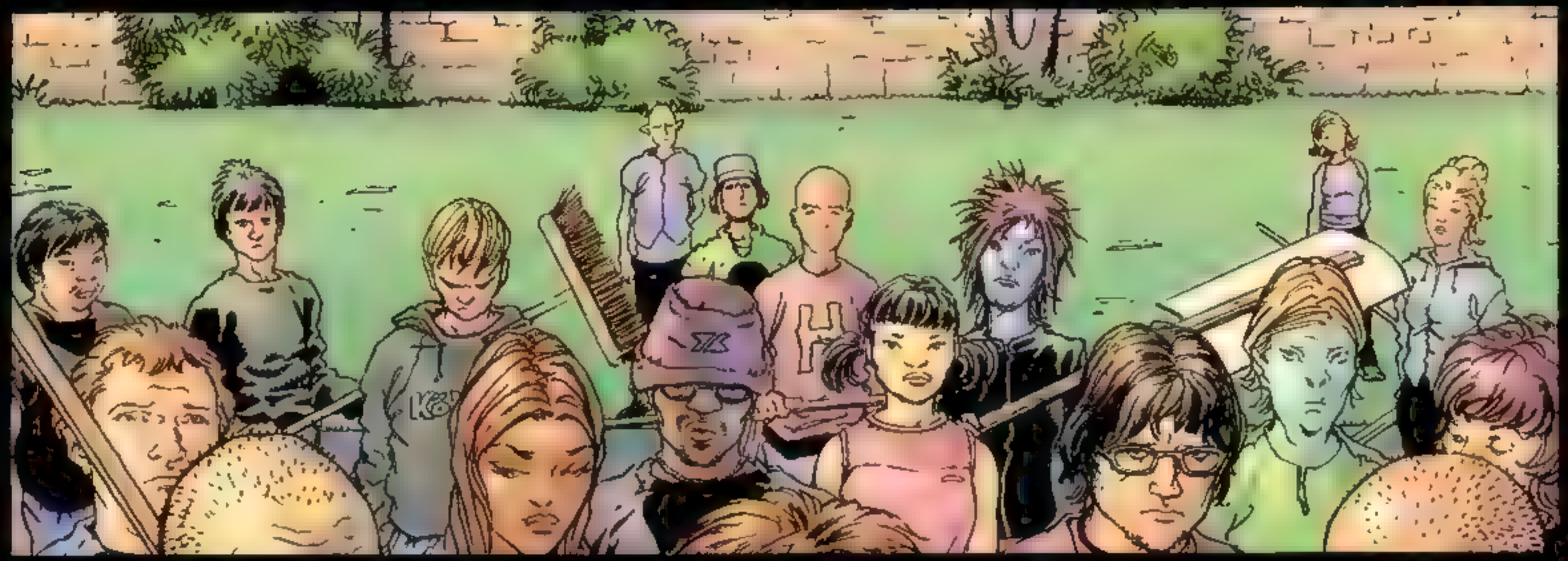
God help me.
So much potential wasted.

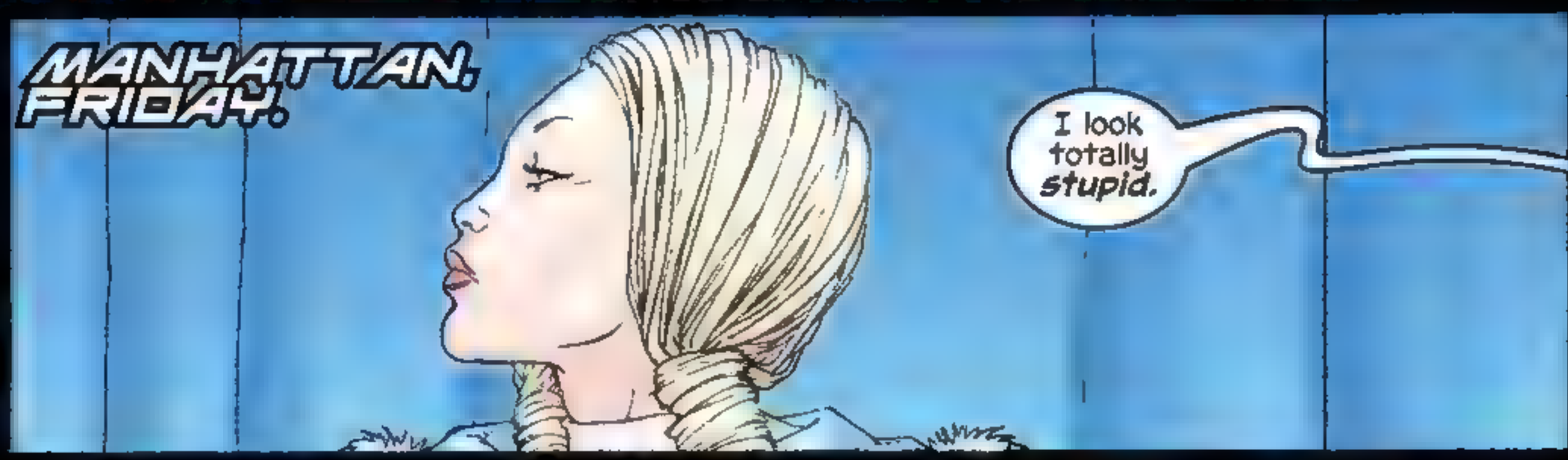
LATER...

Quentin Quire was liberated from his physical *cocoon* and born into a higher world at exactly *4:32* this afternoon.
I know how ridiculous that *sounds,* but in this case we believe it to be the literal *truth.*

My goal is integration with humankind, through peaceful coexistence and mutual self-development.
My methods are *non*-violent and require time and patience.
In light of recent events, I'm willing to consider that my approach may be in *error.*
RIOT
FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS
NO

You're free to continue this protest for as long as you have the inclination, bearing in mind that the school will be *closing* for the summer in exactly six days.
Following the break, I will be stepping *down* as Headmaster.
I hope to see you all at the prizegiving ceremony.




MANHATTAN, FRIDAY.
I look totally stupid.

Nonsense, Angel, dear. You've left "totally stupid" far behind and now you look exquisite.
Pose in the mirror, dear, and you'll see.

Listen, Miz Frost, there was something I wanted to talk to you about...
...like important stuff.
Any time, dear.
I've been searching for a new project and right now, no one needs my advice more than you do...

...the journey from ugly quacker to glamorous swan has begun, Miss Salvadore.
Let Emma be your guide.
Yeah, sure.
Mister Xorn keeps saying I'd make a pretty good super hero, too.

Taxi!

PRIZEGIVING. SATURDAY.

...for outstanding achievement in the field of telepathic communications and for exceptional ***bravery*** in defense of the ideals of the Xavier Institute...

Them gurlziz ***weeeird.***

Mister Xorn, I think I ***smelled*** Dummy, sir... I think he's still floating around ***alive*** in the shape of a ***gas.*** Kinda 'round near where your ***butt*** is...

Basilisk, shushh!

...and now, this special award is for outstanding achievement in ***heroism*** and honors our potential ***X-Men*** of the future.

Barnell Bohusk -- AKA the Beak -- and Angel Salvadore.

Lo-sers! =hyuk=

Angel, we're going to miss the *prizes!* This is the one time in my life I have the chance to be taken *seriously* as more than just a potential source of food for *dogs!*

Shut up!
Like we're *ever* gonna win anything in *this* rotten existence.

Trust me, Beak. If the can you were born in says *"Loser"* on the label then that's what's insi--
Huaaarrkk
I am *not* a loser.

I am so *sick* of that word!
Okay, *you* be Mister Sunshine and show me how it's done!
Two words, Beakie.

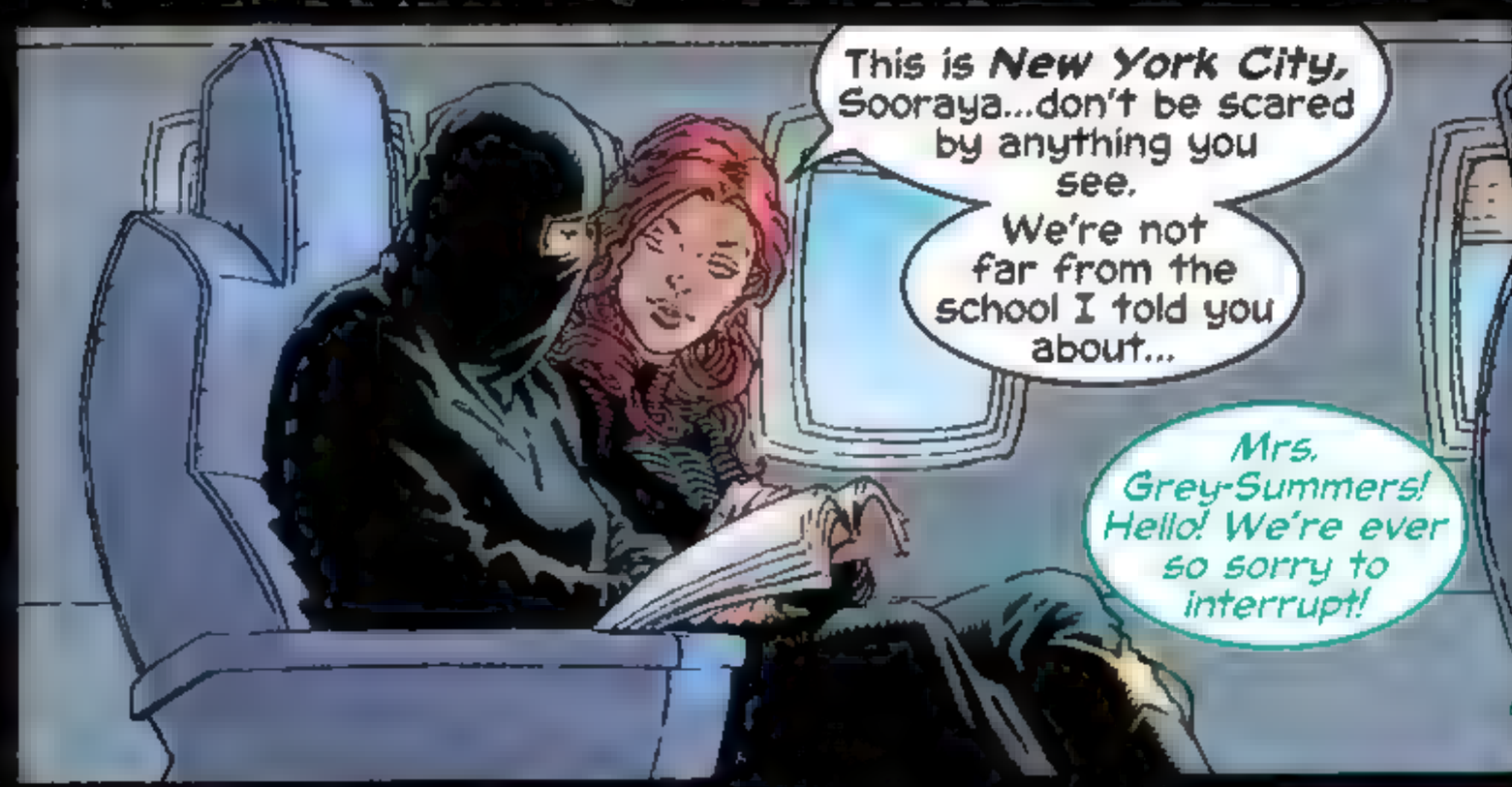
I'm *pregnant.*
They'll throw us out of school unless we do something fast, Barnell.

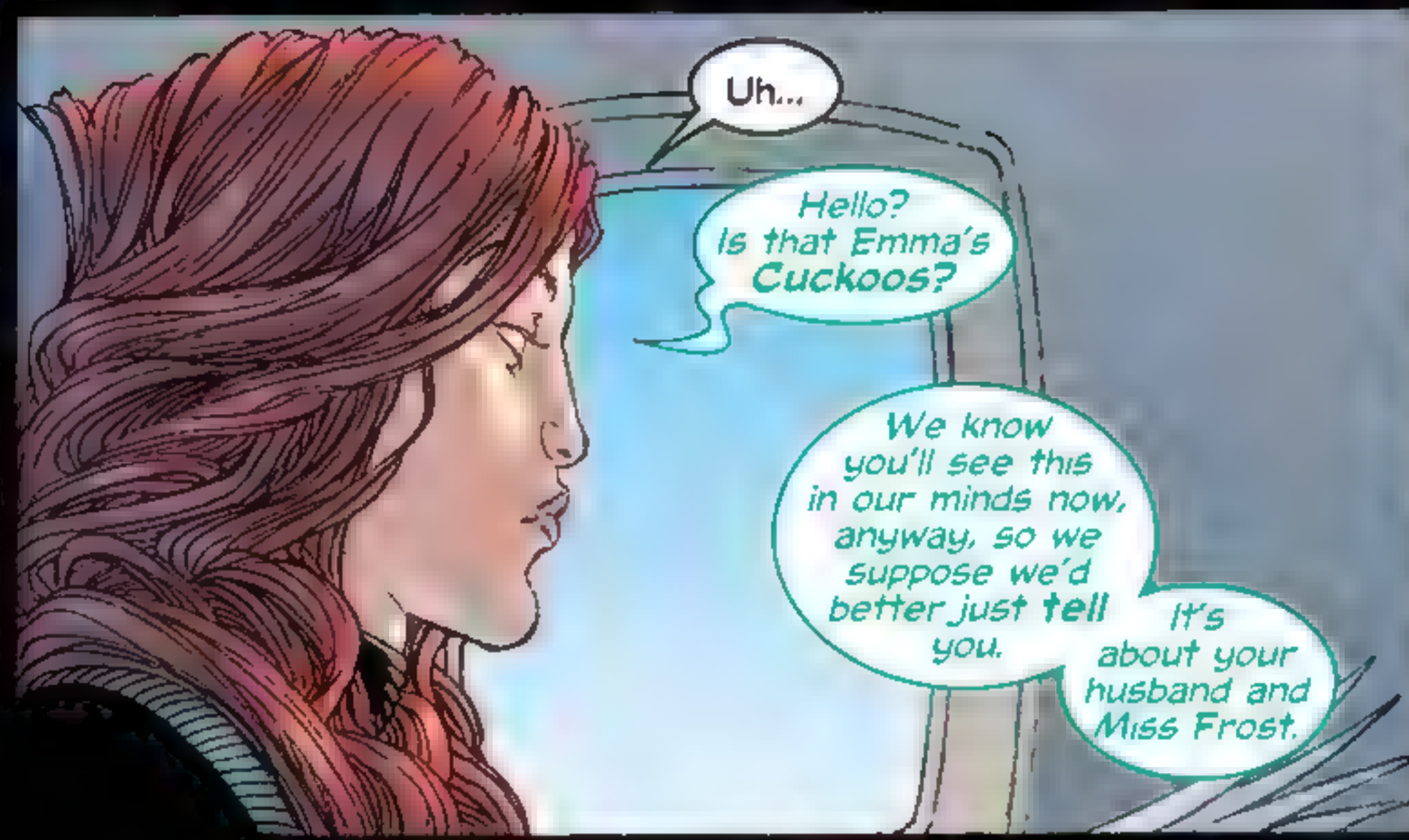
Us?
What does this have to do with... with...
...oh, boy...

And no Miss Frost, either--now there's a surprise.
So we're all agreed.
Who can we call on the psychic telephone to see if our heads still work?

Someone who's really good at telepathy. Someone who can see into the hardest skull.
I know!
How about one of the teachers?

Fasten your seatbelts and return all trays to an upright position for landing at JFK International Airport...


This is New York City, Sooraya...don't be scared by anything you see.
We're not far from the school I told you about...
Mrs. Grey-Summers! Hello! We're ever so sorry to interrupt!

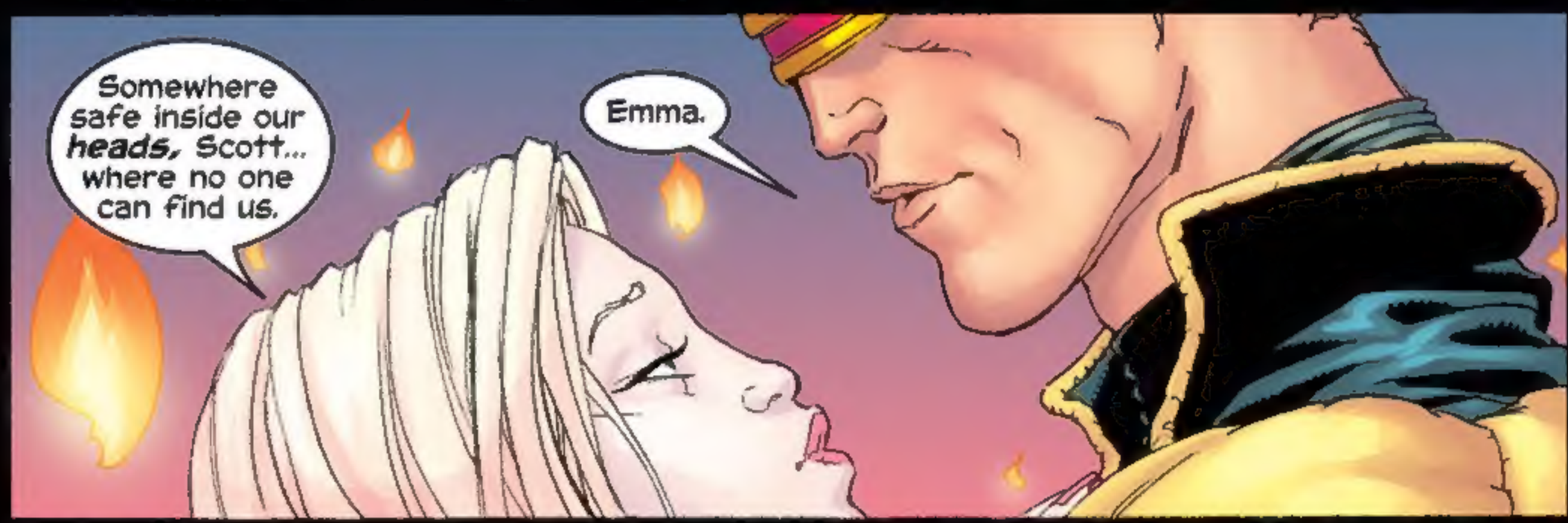

Uh...
Hello? Is that Emma's Cuckoos?
We know you'll see this in our minds now, anyway, so we suppose we'd better just tell you.
It's about your husband and Miss Frost.

I figured I'd find you here. We need to talk, Emma.

I was just checking my nose for cracks.
It's never been right since it was broken by that awful man...
I have to make a decision.

Oh, Scott, this last week has been *hideous.*

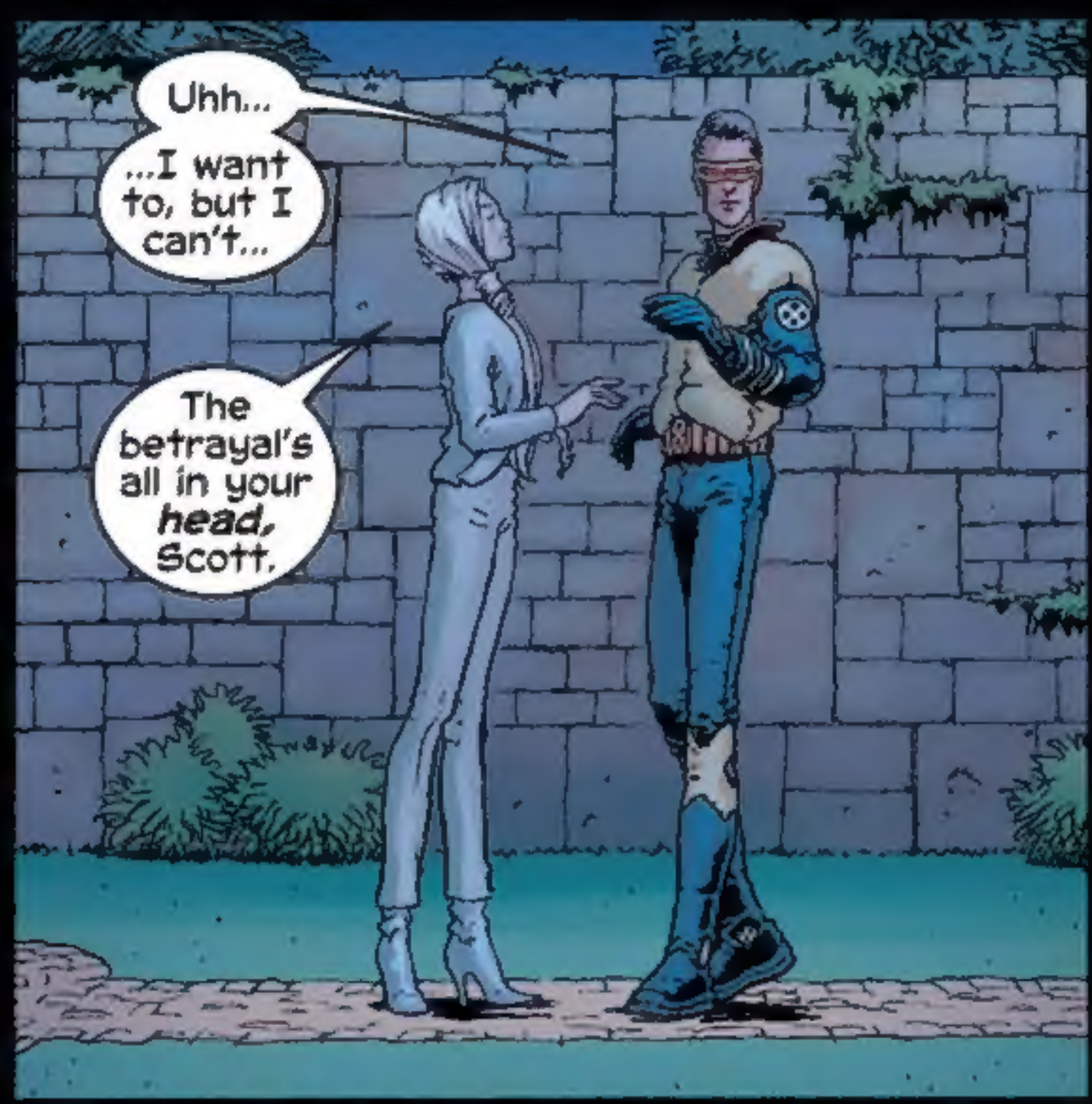
I'm so glad you're here.
I just want to get *away* from all this crushing misery and have some *fun.*


Somewhere safe inside our *heads,* Scott... where no one can find us.
Emma.

Deep in a private *thought,* where we're safe to explore all those...*difficult* feelings *without* guilt.
Bereavement always fills me with an unforgivable lust, darling.
Emma... I'm betraying my *wife.*

I can't go on like this.
It's not real.
They're just *thoughts.*

Please don't touch my *visor...*I mean it, it's really *dangerous...*
...I could kill you just by *looking* at you...
I only wanted to see if your eyes were as red as your face.


Uhh...
...I want to, but I can't...
The betrayal's all in your *head,* Scott.

I'm not *like* this.
En Sabah Nur made me think like this...when I was *possessed.* He made everything seem *boring* afterwards...
...he made my life seem so *small...*my experiences so... so *limited.*

So you say...but those dark feelings he left in your head are just ordinary human *emotions,* Scott.
Oh, for heaven's sake!
Do you *like* me with red hair?

mmrrblmm

Is this really how you wish it was with *Jean?*

Oh, Scott... you're making me lose control.

I'm going to *explode* with passion and fry the *stars,* darling...

Don't tell me.
You can *explain...*
NEXT: ASSAULT ON WEAPON PLUS